

Voicemails

So, I just checked my voicemail for the first time in forever. I remember in the past frantically checking to see who had called and for what reason, but given the state of technology with texting, Facebook, and the ephemera of interaction, I hadn't given my inbox a second thought for the longest time.

My father complained today when I did not answer his call that my inbox was clogged. Boredom overtook me, and I decided to finally pour through the myriad messages. Having to check a word document last modified in 2010 for the password, I finally decided to listen to my voicemails.

After ten or so messages, I almost dropped the phone as an all encompassing shudder ran up and down my spine when I heard the voice of my ex-girlfriend. The last I had talked to her we were going to attempt a drunken reconciliation. This would have required me driving two hours back to my hometown in a drunken stupor. I came to my better senses and never met up with her that night. I hadn't talked to her in a couple years at the time and figured I should just let the past remain there. As a matter of fact, I remember (this was two months ago) being so repulsed by the notion of meeting up with her crazy ass that when I woke up the next day I turned off my phone for at least a week to avoid any contact with her.

This girl was POSSESSIVE (but hot as fuck!). Even after dating for only a few months, she would tell anybody with ears how much she loved me. She made me extremely uncomfortable with her professions of love and clingy nature. She even began to talk about children in our short time together. I wasn't ready for that type of intense love and began the arduous task of breaking it off with her.

With my phone to my ear as my disbelief built to utter incredulity, the voicemails continued constantly calling for me to meet up at our special place (the bar that we met at). As the robotic voice on the phone kept informing the timestamp of these messages, my

blood began to run cold. Goosebumps covered my skin as the message remained the same. I received at least ten messages stating the exact same thing though muddled and barely understandable with the incessant noise in the background,

“Meet me at our special place. Don’t be late.”

You see, Miriam died on the way to meet me that night. She drove to our bar and killed herself as well as a small child in the sedan she plowed into.

It took me a long time to process the guilt I felt for my role in her demise, but these voicemails were salt on old wounds. As they continued, the feelings of remorse were replaced with horror as the time stamps continued to belie her date of death.

The last voice message in my inbox is concise and crystal. The robotic voice informs me that I had received it this morning. It does not sound like the other ones mired in noise. It just simply and clearly states its message.

“I can’t wait to see you tonight!”